

THE  
**LILY.**

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

PUBLISHED BY AMELIA BLOOMER,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOLUMES 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 AND 6.

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# THE LILY

A MONTHLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE AND LITERATURE.

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VOL. I.

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NO. 1.

## POETRY.

### LADY EDITORS:—

The following lines are respectfully inscribed to "The Lily," if you deem them a meet tracery for its virgin leaves.

### LINES.

"Drink stranger from this crystal cup!  
Our Father placed it here,  
Dew for the Lily's pearly lip,  
And for the wanderer's cheer."

Thus stole a soft voice warblingly,  
Like to a harp that is just set free;  
From a Lotus that hung by a fountain's side,  
As if it were the wavelet's bride.

A Youth was sitting with bended form,  
'Mid the shadows of a wood;  
Where the plane tree lifted its gaudy grove,  
And the pine its crested hood.

His eye was red, and his brain was hot,  
For a fever had lurked there long;  
Yet his face was pale as the cheek at night,  
When Conscience bares its thong.

And he started when he heard that voice,  
As from a dream's beguile;  
For it came like the chiding of one we love;  
So sad, and yet a smile.

He looked around whence the voice might come,  
But the guest and the chaunt were gone;  
Save the Lily that hung in the fountain's light,  
Beautiful and alone.

He looked at the flower, and again he looked,  
And yet he knew not why;  
For it minded him of a guileless heart,  
And Purity's last sigh.

And in that little point of time,  
On that still happy morn,  
Years thrust their sable panoply,  
Of sorrow and of scorn.

Home! forms that were! the darkling tide  
Deeper and wilder rushed;  
A boon that might have made him blest,  
A boon that he had crushed.

And then that voice came startling near,  
Solemn, the smile was cast,  
And that low pleading came once more,  
It was to be the last.

"Press not the wine-cup to thy palm,  
Thou Wanderer! again;  
Or it shall smite thee to thy soul,  
With an undying pain.

Thy Mother's dying agony,

Thy Father's look of woe,  
Alike are less a draught for thee,  
Than thou again shalt know.

Hurl then the goblet from thy lip,  
Thy parched lip, and see  
That Heaven hath yet a gift of love,  
Thou prayerless one, for thee!"

It ceased! still motionless he bent  
Beneath those shadows dim;  
Tears to another might have come,  
They did not come to him.

Then he arose, and raised his hand,  
As if grasping power not here;  
And uttered words that may not be  
Uttered to mortal ear.

But one was there that heard that vow,  
And sped unwearied flight;  
Nor paused till on Life's spotless page,  
Was writ each word of light.

Twelve moons had waned, and hung their bows,  
Upon the eastern sky,  
E'er 'mid those forest aisles again,  
A youth trod pensively.

'Twas morn—and the red sun was not yet  
On Elm and high Palm tree;  
Yet many a wing was glancing through  
Their verdant balcony.

Yes—'twas the same, the very same—  
The bank, the moss, the wood,  
Where twelve swift passing months before,  
An outcast wanderer stood.

And the fount was there and bathed the air,  
With its misty veil of white;  
And still that "Lily" rose and laid  
Its forehead to the light.

And the eye that looked upon the flower,  
Was damp as its crystal cup;  
And with that twilight's morning star  
One voice in praise went up.

Auburn, 1848.

## SELECTED TALE.

### THE OLD CLOAK.

BY MRS. D.

"Pray, Mr. Norton," exclaimed a lively lady to a fashionably dressed, handsome young man, who was standing beside her at an evening party, "pray, do you intend to remain an old bachelor all your days? Since your return from Europe I have been continually expecting to hear of your marriage, but here you have been, two years, and you are still, to all appearance, "in statu quo," as the lawyers say."

"My dear Mrs. Hinton," replied the young gentleman, with a smile, "I will be frank and tell you the real reason of my remaining a general admirer of the sex, instead of confining my attentions to any one 'bright, particular star,' however much I may be dazzled by its brilliancy. I am actually afraid to marry."

"Afraid!" echoed the lady, opening her dark eyes to their widest extent with astonishment.—"Faint heart never won," you know. Are you afraid to propose?"

"No, madam, afraid to marry. You will laugh at me, I dare say, when I tell you that my seat in church has a great deal to do with my solitary state, which seems so much to excite your surprise."

"Why, yes," replied Mrs. Hinton, "one is always surprised when a young man who—without meaning to flatter you—is certainly a favorite in society, (here Mr. Norton made her a polite bow,) and who has an independent fortune, still refrains from choosing one of the many fair damsels whom he meets, to superintend his establishment. But what influence your seat in church can have upon the matter I am at a loss to imagine."

"You must know, then, that I sit just behind Miss La Mode, in Dr. Righthead's church, and the sight of her velvet cloak absolutely frightens me from the thought of marrying a wife who may some day say to me, 'My dear, I am dying for a new velvet cloak; please to give me two or three hundred dollars, and I will go to Stewart's and buy one.' How I should shudder to hear such a request."

"Really, Mr. Norton, this is too absurd, for you, with your fortune, to talk in such a manner. I shall begin to think you a miser. Your wife might dress as extravagantly as she chose, and it would not injure you. And surely you do not object to a lady's wearing a velvet cloak?"

"I do not object to anything that is consistent, but I cannot help thinking splendid velvet, such as Queen Victoria herself might be satisfied with for a coronation robe, sadly out of place when it is made into a cloak, to be worn on almost all occasions; particularly when it is well known that Miss La Mode's father does not even pay his baker or his butcher. If I were one of his poor creditors I should be tempted to take the cloak from the young lady, in the street, and sell it for what it would bring."

Mrs. Hinton sat silent at this speech. Her conscience reproached her, for she knew that she had, on that day, purchased an elegant new mantle, although her husband had requested her to be as economical as possible in her expenditures, as he found it difficult, in those trying times, to meet all the demands made upon his purse. She was a woman however of generous feelings, as yet unhardened by resisting good impulses, and she secretly resolved to take back the mantle the next day and prevail upon the shop-man to receive it, since it was not yet paid for. All this passed through her mind with the rapidity of lightning,



and she turned round with a smile to address Mr. Norton, when an over-dressed young lady, who had been sitting, an interested listener to the conversation, suddenly interposed.

"If Mr. Norton wants an economical wife," she said, "I would recommend him to offer himself to Emily Harwood. I think she will suit him exactly, for she has worn an old cloak all winter, with no alteration—one which she has had two years at least, to my knowledge."

Mr. Norton looked at the speaker, and the unamiable expression of her countenance sunk her in his estimation forever, although he had hitherto regarded her as very pretty and interesting, and had sometimes even thought it almost possible to love Caroline Howard well enough to marry her, if he could only hope to cure her of the passion for dress which she displayed. But this remark sealed her fate, as far as he was concerned, and turning to Mrs. Hinton, he asked, "Who is Emily Harwood? Are you acquainted with her? I should really like to be introduced to a young lady who has moral courage enough to wear it already two winters; she must possess a more than common character."

"I will introduce you, with pleasure," said Mrs. Hinton. "She is a sweet girl and a great favorite of mine. I confess I have myself been surprised at the plainness of her dress, this winter, for her father is considered wealthy, and she is the only one of his daughters of an age to go into society. That is she, in the simple white frock, and that is her mother, by her side."

Mr. Norton was charmed to perceive that it was a young lady who, by her singularly modest and unpretending appearance, had attracted his attention in the early part of the evening. He had intended to inquire her name, but lost sight of her in the crowd, and supposed that she had retired. She received him with an easy, graceful manner, and after a few moments passed in conversation, he thought her positively beautiful, so intelligent was the expression of her dark blue eyes, and so beautiful the smile with which she listened to his lively remarks. He was also very much pleased with Mrs. Harwood, who did not leave to her daughter the whole burden of conversation, as some mothers are apt to do, contenting themselves with being mere spectators.

When Mr. Norton laid his head upon the pillow, that night, it was long before he could compose his mind to sleep, so much was he disturbed by the vision of a pair of blue eyes which danced before him, not to mention dark ringlets and old cloaks, which mingled together in strange confusion. He began to think that he had at last found the object he had been so long seeking, and resolving that he would call the next day at Mr. Harwood's at last resigned himself to repose.

The next morning, Mrs. Hinton, in pursuance of the wise resolution she had made, attired herself to go out, and was waiting in the parlor for her carriage. The beautiful mantle lay on the sofa by her side, and she was examining it, and making up her mind that, after all, she could do without it, and if she could that she ought to.—At this moment Caroline Howard, who was an intimate friend, entered. "Are you going out so early?" she exclaimed, on seeing Mrs. Hinton ready dressed. "I came in the hope of seeing you at this hour, for I wished to tell you that Stewart has some of the loveliest mantles you ever saw. I was there yesterday, and looked at them. They were just opened, and the clerk assured me that they were the only ones imported, and there are but a dozen altogether. I was afraid they would all be sold, yet I did not dare to buy one before asking my mother's permission, for father made such a fuss last week about my buying this splendid silk, without consulting him, that mother forbade my doing it again. I have been, all the morning, teasing her to let me have one, and have at last succeeded. So you must

positively come and choose one too. But I declare," she continued, "you have one already," as her eyes fell upon the sofa, for she had talked so volubly that she had not even paused to look around her. "But you will come with me, will you not?" Mrs. Hinton replied gravely, "I am going to Stewart's to return this mantle, and I would advise you, my dear Caroline, if you had to tease your mother for leave to buy one, to deny yourself and gratify her by informing her that you have resolved to do without it. Fifty dollars is a great deal to spend in such an article of dress. My husband told me this morning that he was afraid he should be obliged to give up his carriage and horses, his business is so much less profitable than formerly. Now you know it is absolutely necessary for his health that he should ride a great deal, and I resolved to spend as little as possible myself that he might be able to enjoy his carriage." Caroline sat without speaking until Mrs. Hinton had concluded, when she replied, pettishly, "But you are married, and it does not make so much difference to you how you dress; just see how becoming this is;" and she turned from the glass, at which she had been arranging the mantle in graceful folds over her well shaped figure, and Mrs. Hinton could not help acknowledging that it was very becoming indeed. Nevertheless she still attempted to persuade her young friend to forego the purchase, for she knew that Caroline's father was very much involved in debt, and it was feared every day that he would stop payment; although, as it appeared, like many other gentlemen who keep the state of their affairs a secret from those most interested in the truth, his wife and daughter were utterly ignorant of the circumstances. But she found her arguments of no effect. Indeed Caroline endeavored to persuade Mrs. Hinton herself to retain the velvet that she was about to carry back. But she had too much strength of mind to be led away by her vanity, when she knew that her decision was right, although she could not repress a feeling of regret at the thought of resigning so becoming an article of apparel. Mrs. Hinton was so much grieved and shocked at the selfishness of her young friend that she thought she could never again feel toward her the same affection she had hitherto experienced. She made her confess that the fifty dollars her mother had given her, with which to purchase the wished-for mantle, was a sum that had been appropriated to a younger sister, that she might take lessons in drawing, an art of which she was passionately fond, and for which she had a decided genius.—She could not forbear hinting to Caroline that a time might come when the talents of her sister would be put in requisition for more important purposes than those of mere amusement; but her persuasions were lost upon the mind of the thoughtless and selfish girl, and she saw her depart, with pain, to fulfil her intention.

Mrs. Hinton found no difficulty in returning the mantle, and after she had left the store she wondered how she could have been so foolish as to suffer a moment's uneasiness on such a trifling subject. The words of Mr. Norton had made a deep impression upon her heart, and as she looked at the multitude of poor, houseless wretches who thronged Broadway, begging for charity, she felt how sinful it was to waste in extravagance that which would bring comfort and happiness to so many sorrowful hearts. When her husband returned to dinner, she, like a true hearted wife, made a confession to him of her folly of the day before, her repentance, and the purpose for which she had just visited Stewart's. Mr. Hinton was a man of sense and intelligence. He had often deplored his wife's fondness for display, but she was so young when he married her, and had been so petted from her childhood by a fond mother, and was withal so lovely and interesting, that he could not find it in his heart to deny her any

gratification, trusting that as she grew older her tastes would change. He did not know that the passion for dress is one which increases with indulgence, like all other bad habits, and is the hardest to overcome in the female heart, particularly, as was the case with Mrs. Hinton, where there are no children to occupy the time and attention. So delighted was he with the ingenuity of her confession that he presented her with a sum of money for charitable purposes, telling her that he had that day unexpectedly recovered a bad debt which he had long since despaired of, and consequently no longer entertained the fears which he had mentioned to her in the morning.

Let us return to Mr. Norton. He could not avoid anticipating the calling hour a little, so impatient was he to meet again the object that had so much fascinated him the night before. As he entered the hall he heard the sound of music, and being shown into the drawing-room, found the fair Emily evidently giving lessons on the piano to a little sister. Although attired in a simple morning dress, she did not appear less lovely than his memory had pictured, and the bright blush which his unexpected appearance called up made her not less interesting in his eyes. She dismissed the little girl with a message to her mother, who soon appeared and received him kindly. As he glanced around and observed the air of elegance, though not of display, that pervaded the establishment, he could not help recalling Miss Howard's words about the old cloak, and his curiosity was excited to know what could be her reason for wearing a garment unfashionable enough to attract observation. After making as long a call as he dared, upon first acquaintance, he took leave, not without being invited by Mrs. Harwood to call again; an invitation to which he cordially responded. Not many days after, as Mr. Norton was walking in Broadway, he met Miss Harwood and joined her immediately. He had walked for some time by her side without at all regarding her dress, when Miss La Mode suddenly emerged from a shop and passed on before them, arrayed in her superb velvet cloak, with feathers, &c. in the height of fashion. The conversation at the party instantly recurred to his thoughts, and he glanced at the cloak of his companion. It was of plain, dark merino, and had evidently been much worn, though everything about her was so scrupulously neat, and her simple white hat so becoming to her fresh complexion, that she was infinitely more attractive to an intelligent man than the dashing Miss La Mode. To test her feelings he remarked, carelessly, "That is a beautiful cloak of Miss La Mode's." No blush appeared on her cheek as she quietly replied, "It is indeed very beautiful." Mr. Norton could not help feeling how superior was this conduct to that of some young ladies, who betray an uneasy feeling of consciousness when they hear praises of another's appearance which they know to be more brilliant than their own. He continued to visit at Mr. Harwood's and was always kindly received; but he was not one to decide too hastily on a subject of such vast importance, as he felt the character of his companion for life to be. It chanced, at length, that he had a commission from an aunt in the country, for some millinery, and although entirely unused to make such purchases, he resorted to the most fashionable establishment of the kind, for the first time, to exercise his taste in that department. The milliner took him behind a counter which separated the two rooms, in order to show him some very recherche articles, and requesting him to take a seat upon a sofa, left him to search for the important box which contained the treasures. He was beginning to grow impatient, when a sweet, well known voice sent a thrill through his heart. It was Emily Harwood's voice, apparently conversing with another young lady, so close to the curtain that



could not avoid hearing every word. He was about to dart forward and address them, when the words "old cloak" fell upon his ear. "Now he thought, 'perhaps I shall find the solution of the mystery.'" "No," said Emily, "I will not buy such a gay hat as this. It would not suit at all with my old cloak." "Do, for pity's sake, my dear Emily," exclaimed her companion, "tell me why you have worn that same cloak this winter. I believe it is the third winter you have had it.—We have all wondered why you did not get a new one, and that spiteful Caroline Howard has talked about it at every party this season."

"I am very sorry," replied Emily, laughing, "that Miss Howard has been at such a loss for subjects of conversation as to find nothing more interesting than my poor cloak. However, I will tell you my motive for wearing it, and I am sure, dear Helen, that you will approve of it. But first, promise me that you will tell no one else. I should not think of explaining it to any but you."

Here Mr. Norton almost resolved to show himself. He felt it a breach of honor to hear what was evidently a secret; but his interest in the fair Emily was so strong that he excused himself on that plea, and remained silent.

Helen made the required promise, and Emily proceeded—

"You remember hearing of the death of my uncle Murray, last summer. He had failed just before, so that his family were left quite destitute. Catherine, the oldest daughter, has been at Mrs. Willard's school for the last year, and she was very desirous of remaining another term, after which Mrs. Willard would engage her as a teacher. She considers her one of her finest scholars. But it was not possible for her mother to continue such an expense, and my father said that he could not offer to do it unless we would make some retrenchment in our domestic affairs. Therefore I offered to wear my old cloak another season, and to give little Julia music lessons, instead of her having a teacher. Now do you not think that a sufficient motive? I assure you I have felt more pleasure, this winter, in wearing that old cloak than I should have done in possessing one even more splendid than Miss La Mode's for now my poor cousin will be able to support herself and assist her mother in educating her brothers and sisters."

"That is just like yourself, Emily," exclaimed her friend, enthusiastically. "I only wish I could tell of it. How ashamed Caroline Howard would be of all her ill-natured speeches!"

It is needless to say that there was another auditor who shared in the admiration of Helen.—Mr. Norton was so delighted with the simple recital of Emily that he longed to clasp her to his heart and tell her that his happiness depended on her alone. He saw the young ladies take their departure, and a few moments after hastened away, forgetting his aunt and all her commissions, and leaving the milliner lost in astonishment at his abrupt departure. He reached Mr. Harwood's almost as soon as Emily herself, and astonished her by a warm declaration of his feelings. She did not bid him despair, and it was soon after announced that Mr. Norton and Emily Harwood were engaged, much to the amazement of Miss La Mode and Caroline Howard, who could not understand why she was preferred to themselves.

Mrs. Hinton was delighted with Mr. Norton's choice, and predicted that he would have a pattern wife. She never forgot her good resolutions but her persuasions were lost upon her former friend, Caroline, who was, however, soon forced by the failure of her father to renounce her extravagant habits.

We must do Mr. Norton the justice to say that he had the candor to confess to his wife, soon after their marriage, the means by which he obtained a knowledge of her motives for wearing

the old cloak, which was ever after preserved as a precious relic. I can assure my readers that she did not blame him severely, and should this tale ever meet their eyes, I trust that they will both pardon the use I have made of the incidents related to me.

#### READING.

[ORIGINAL.]

The present is most emphatically a reading age. This is true especially of our own country. We are a reading people. The press here is free, and in the eager competition of its conductors, it is sending forth a continuous and mighty stream of Literature, of the most varied character.—Books are printed with a rapidity, and multiplied to an extent, never before known in the history of the world. Books too are cheap, cheap. The astonishing improvements in the art of printing—the application of the power of steam to the working of the press—the low price of labor, and above all, the keen rivalry of the trade, have all tended to reduce the price of books to a tithe of their former cost, and to place them within the reach of the most humble.

And this deluge of books is purchased and read. Go where you will, and you see evidence of this fact. On the railroad car, the canal, or the steamboat—in the hotel or the public reading room—the lowly fireside of the poor, or in the parlor of the wealthy, we see this truth most clearly proved.

Fortunate that it is so. A reading people, especially in a country where the press is free, cannot be essentially an ignorant one. From the multitude of books that are read, knowledge to some extent, cannot fail to be gained. This universal desire to buy and read books, is an evidence of the onward march of mind and intellect in our land. Then too, reading is calculated to add greatly to the happiness of our race. Where is the person who has not had his mind refreshed, his heart warmed, and his whole soul instructed, by the perusal of a good book? Where too, is the intellect that has not been enkindled, the imagination aroused, and the fancy delighted, by the sparkling genius that has emanated from the minds of some of the gifted authors of the age? How many hours of pain have they banished, how many tears dried up, how many delightful associations revived. Oh yes, reading—the reading of good books, is a well spring of happiness, deep and gushing, to the human heart.

We have said that a reading-people cannot, essentially, be an ignorant people; but it may not be a virtuous one. This must be true from the fact, too universal, alas! that bad books as well as good ones, are both printed and read. Indeed we have too much reason to fear that the former greatly preponderate. And here lies the danger. Bad books teach those who read them to be wise in wickedness. They pander to and nourish a vitiated taste, a corrupt imagination, a depraved heart.

They teach men to condemn the laws, trample on the obligations of virtue, scoff at the holy teachings of religion, and blaspheme their God. Bad books are the curse of the age. They are the great fountain of licentiousness, crime, and wickedness of every kind. Neither do they make those who read them contented or happy. They create desires, and minister to passions at once depraved and debased. They destroy the peace of the mind—they will destroy the peace of the soul.

Would we then, have fewer books read? By no means; but we would have them better. We would not have the press stop its work, but we would have it print only good books. We would not that they should be less accessible to all classes, but would that none should be read but those which are calculated to make people better by

the perusal. When a new work is to be purchased, let the enquiry be, will it promote virtuous and useful knowledge, will it afford innocent pleasure, will it cheer the hour of sorrow, or console the heart in its moments of affliction?—If it will do this, then it is wise to read it—wiser still to be profited by its teachings.

Read then, we say, but read only good books. The country is flooded with a worthless and corrupting literature. Against its further diffusion, let the good and virtuous steadily array themselves. Drive back the moral desolation that it is spreading over the land, and in its place open a fountain which shall send forth streams of useful knowledge, worthy to be cherished by a virtuous and christian people.

#### Adam and the Seraph.

One evening Adam rested on a hill beneath a tree in the garden of Eden, and his countenance was directed upward towards Heaven. Then a seraph stole softly to his side, and said, "Wherefore lookest thou so longingly toward Heaven? What is wanting, Adam?"

"What should I want," answered the father of mankind, "here in this dwelling of peace? But my eyes gazed on the stars which glisten above, and I wished for the wings of an Eagle, that I might soar upward and view their radiant forms nearer."

"Thou hast those wings," answered the seraph; and he touched him, and Adam sank into slumber and dreamed. And it appeared to the dreaming one as if he soared to the heavens.

When he awoke, he wondered that he still rested beneath the tree on the hillock. But the seraph stood before him and said, "Why wonderest thou, Adam?"

Adam answered and said, "I was even in the vault of Heaven, and wandered among the stars, and soared about Orion, the Pleiades, and the Dial. Beaming worlds, great and glorious as suns, rushed by me; the milky way which thou seest yonder, is an ocean of light full of splendid worlds; and above this is another ocean, and yet another. And beings like myself inhabit those splendid worlds, and worship God and praise His name. Seraph hast thou guided me?"

"This tree has overshadowed thee, and upon this hill hath thy body rested. But, Adam, there dwells a seraph within thee, who may soar among the ranks of worlds; and the higher he soars, the more humble is his adoration before Jehovah.—Son of the dust, honor and guard this seraph, lest lust cripple his wings, and bind him to earth."

The seraph spoke and vanished.

Oh, it is a fearful sight to see a young confiding girl, approach the altar with one who loves to linger around the wine cup. He may pass unscathed through the fiery ordeal, and the bright hopes of the bride may ripen into fruition. But, fair reader, let not the splendors of wealth, nor the allurements of pleasure, nor the promised triumphs of ambition tempt you to risk so fraught with danger to all you hold dear. Honest industry, joined with Temperance, may carve out a fortune, and all that ambition should covet; but wealth, talents, fame, can never gild the drunkard's home, nor soothe the sorrows of a drunkard's wife.—S. C. Adv.

SINGULAR SUPERSTITION.—Among the Seneca Indians, when a maiden dies they imprison a young bird, until it first begins to try its power of song; and then, loading it with kisses and caresses, they loose its bonds over her grave, in the belief that it will not fold its wings nor close its eyes until it has flown to the spirit land, and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost. It is not unfrequent to see twenty or thirty loosed at once over the grave.



## THE LILY.

AMELIA BLOOMER, } EDITORS.  
ANNA C. MATTISON, }

MONDAY, JAN. 1, 1848.

### To the Patrons of the Lily.

The first number of the LILY is to-day presented to its patrons and the public; and as it is customary in such cases, we suppose it becomes us to say a few words as to the causes which led to its publication, and the course which will be pursued by those who have the supervision of its pages.

Many of the Ladies in this village have long felt a warm interest in the cause of Temperance. This we think we have a right to say, without arrogating to ourselves any undue zeal on the subject over those of the ladies of other sections of the country. When the great Washingtonian reformation commenced in this village in 1841, a Female Temperance Society was organized, and speedily numbered among its list of members, several hundred names. That society existed for several years, and was the means of doing much good. Owing to the death of its President, and the removal from the place of some of its most active members, it ceased to exist; and until the past autumn we have had no organization of the kind in our village.

The necessity for such a society was, however, universally acknowledged; and in September last an effort was made to organize anew. That effort was successful—and the society, whose Constitution, Pledge, list of officers, and avowal of sentiments, and principles, appear in our columns, was the result of the effort thus made.

Soon after the society was organized, the idea of publishing a Temperance Journal was suggested. It met the favorable consideration of several of our citizens to whom it was mentioned. A publishing committee was appointed, and a Prospectus issued asking for subscriptions. The number of subscribers already obtained is respectable, but not large enough to justify us in going on with the enterprise. We however confidently expect that the number will be largely increased, and no pains will be spared to carry it forward.

So much as to the causes which have brought the LILY into existence. A few words as to the course which will be pursued by its conductors, and the character of the matter which will fill its columns.

It is WOMAN that speaks through the LILY. It is upon an important subject, too, that she comes before the public to be heard. Intemperance is the great foe to her peace and happiness. It is that, above all, which has made her home desolate, and beggared her offspring. It is that above all, which has filled to the brim the cup of her sorrows, and sent her mourning to the grave. Surely she has a right to wield the pen for its suppression. Surely she may, without throwing aside the modest retirement, which so much becomes her sex, use her influence to lead her fellow mortals away from the destroyer's path. It

is this which she proposes to do in the columns of the LILY.

The resolutions of our Temperance Society, constitute our declaration of sentiments on the subjects to which they relate. We shall zealously advocate those sentiments, and strive by all the ability we possess, to lead to their general adoption, by the whole community. We believe they point out plainly, the path of duty before us, and so believing, the LILY will urge all to walk therein.

While the advocacy of the great and holy cause of Temperance will be our great object, we shall not be unmindful of the claims of a healthy and moral Literature upon us. The columns of the LILY will therefore strive to please all who delight in productions of the imagination and the fancy—striving always, to have them so tempered with a chaste moral sentiment, that shall not be calculated to offend even the most fastidious. Original and selected tales, poetry, anecdote and repartee, will therefore find a place in our columns, and we shall strive to make this department both pleasant and agreeable.

Friends, and fellow-workers in the great cause of humanity!—These are our objects, and aims—these are the causes which called us into existence. Like the beautiful flower from which it derives its name, we shall strive to make the LILY the emblem of "sweetness and purity"—and may Heaven smile upon this our attempt to advance the great cause of Temperance Reform.

### Shun the Wine Cup.

Ye who are just entering on the verge of manhood, for you we fear and tremble, when we think of the many temptations by which you are surrounded, and of the dangers which beset your path. We would extend to you a word of warning, and beseech you by the affections of fond parents, and kind friends, who are watching your steps with anxious solicitude, to shun the wine cup as you would a deadly foe who was thirsting for your blood. If you have any regard for your reputation—if you have any love for your friends—if you have any wish to become useful members of society, and worthy the respect of the virtuous and good—shun the wine cup! If you would avoid the horrors and disgrace attendant upon the drunkard's life—shun the wine cup! If you have any hope of happiness in this world or the next—shun the wine cup! It is written, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven." If then you would avoid the drunkard's woe, and escape the drunkard's hell—shun the wine cup!

We implore you by the love of friends, by your regard for the good opinion and esteem of your fellow men; by your love of life and happiness, by all the nobleness of your nature, and by all your hopes of heaven—shun the wine cup! No matter under what form the sparkling cup is tendered to you—whether it comes under the garb of friendship, or is presented by the fascinating hand of female beauty—spurn the tempting poison, and flee the tempter; for be ye assured, that although it may sparkle and foam, and appear beautiful to

the eye, and pleasing to the taste, there is unseen within it, a poison more fatal than the sting of the deadly serpent.

In the giddy dance—in the rounds of pleasure—in the social circle—wherever this tempter makes its appearance, be ye armed with a strong resolution not to be overcome by its false, enticing beauty. It lures but to deceive. It charms but to destroy. It pictures to the fancy a path strewn with flowers, and beckons you to follow whither it leads. But be ye not deceived—pursue not the road to which it points. If you enter therein, dangers will surround you on every side. There lies midway in the path a fearful whirlpool, towards which your steps will tend. When once you are drawn within the mazy circle, escape will be almost impossible. You will see the danger but cannot flee it. The song of the Siren will lead you to the charmed spot. Round, and round, you go—nearer, and nearer, you approach the frightful abyss, and after passing through a life of misery and crime, you take the fatal plunge. The waves of time will close over you, and you will be thought of no more. The spirit will wing its flight to the bar of its Creator, to answer for the crimes committed, the talents wasted, and the life destroyed; and to hear the sentence: "DEPART YE CURSED. NO DRUNKARD CAN ENTER THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

Our calls for aid have been generally responded to with cheerfulness, and in some cases with liberality on the part of our citizens, and also from people abroad. There are those, however, who have declined subscribing until they saw our paper; we hope all such will now be willing to hand in their names, and assist us in carrying out the design we have in view.

We cannot say much for the present number, as our minds have been so distracted with cares and perplexities incident upon the getting up of such a sheet, that we have not devoted the necessary time to preparing matter. We feel, at best, but poorly qualified for the important station that has been assigned us, and would fain shrink from public criticism; but having put our hands to the plough we cannot turn back. We hope our friends will bear with our imperfections, and be sparing of their censures: remembering that our task is a laborious one, and that to us it is a "new and novel" undertaking.

We shall send this number to many who are not subscribers; if they wish to become so, they will please hand in their names as soon as possible. Our subscription list will be found open at the drug store of W. C. Mattison & Co.

We have delayed the publication of our paper for several days, in expectation of the arrival of an engraved head, which we have ordered from New York. Having been disappointed in not receiving it, as yet, and feeling unwilling to delay our paper longer than the time limited for issuing it, we are obliged to go to press without it. We hope our next number will make a better appearance in this respect.

To change an old friend for a new one, is to choose flowers for fruits.



For the Lily.  
The Year.

BY MARY MORELAND.

It is passing! It is passing!  
With its thin form bended low,  
And the sear wreath hanging damp and torn,  
From its neglected brow.  
The chill blast through his scattered locks,  
Is whistling shrill and drear,  
And it moveth with the waste of Earth,  
The fond and truthful year.

The voice of his departure,  
Comes o'er me as a wave;  
That hath requiem'd the beautiful,  
And knelt above the brave.  
The beautiful who love to live,  
The brave who love to die,  
Bringing unto the crucified,  
Their holier victory.

He looketh once more on me,  
But I dare not bid him stay,  
Though he hath borne upon his heart  
Life's truest pulse away!  
Allied to that, oh Year, art thou,  
That dreams its realm is found,  
Then turns and leaves the human breast,  
Unaccepted and uncrowned.

He paces slowly onward,  
With his pale funeral train;  
Each lonely watcher sobbing,  
Like the sobbing of the main;  
And bearing in its cold embrace,  
The casket that it brought;  
Back to the gracious Giver's hand,  
Unrecked of and unsought.

Dec., 1848.

For the Lily.

BY M. E. B.

That ye may be the children of your Father which is in Heaven: for he maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.—*Matthew, v. 45.*

The voice that uttered these sacred words is the voice of one upon whose ear the vibrations of the human heart never fall in disregarded cadence. He knew its kindling depths and boundless aspirations, and could place his finger on a key that would waken its richest tones of hallowed melody.

What love, what power was in that touch! It struck a chord in the hearts of some poor fishermen, assembled under the shade of the olive, on the mountain side, eighteen centuries ago—its reverberations will cease not while the fountains of infinite love continue to flow, or hearts to pulsate in the felicity of the new life.

But in what does this heavenward impulse consist? Can we analyze it? We are commanded to exercise affections and sympathies entirely at variance with the dictates of refined fallen humanity. We are to love not only the beautiful, the talented, the affectionate, but the unloving, the spiteful, the outcast. Around such as these, our feelings must kindle in fervent, genuine kindness; for these the prayer ascend, "Father, they are capable of all the purity, happiness and exaltation of the redeemed nature, O shine upon them in a Savior's love."

This spirit is to be cherished and carried out in all the intimacies of life, and with the same uniformity and constancy that the sun and the rain diffuse their manifold blessings on the evil and ungrateful.

Does not this course harmonize with all that is high and holy within us, and with our most perfect happiness? How often has the recollection of resentment and coldness of heart cast an iron chain of sorrowful humiliation around the spirit! But when has deep anguish entered the soul at the remembrance of injuries forgiven, or love enduring, although called to pass through the cold deep waters of indifference or ingratitude. Never; never—but memory with bright wing overshadows the soul and places upon it the insignia of royal birth and heavenly parentage.

The christian goes out in the morning and beholds

"The sun rise up and bathe the world  
In light. The clouds are touched,  
And in their silent faces doth he read  
Unutterable love."

He feels something of what is implied in being a child of Him who makes the sun to rise; his soul dilates with joyful emotion—he feels almost as if he could soar on light, swift pinions to his Father and his God. "But he is fettered and bound up in clay." He retires into the sacred depths of his spiritual being, and listens with eager interest to the sweet echo of that voice which falls upon his ear like the sound of many waters, "Love your enemies, do good to them which hate you and pray for them who despitefully use and persecute you." And he feels that this high and blissful relationship must be forever dissolved, or he must go forth to the world enveloped in a bright sphere of living love that no malice can pierce, no degradation dissolve, nor many waters overflow.

UNRICHVILLE, (Ohio,) Nov. 8.

To the Rum-seller.

Against you personally, aside from the cruel business in which you are engaged, we wage no war. Much rather would we take you by the hand, and greet you as friends and brothers, in the great cause of humanity. But you will not have it so—you will persist in a course which you know is calculated to wreck the life and happiness of many of your fellow mortals. You will continue a business which you well know is robbing thousands of children of the food and clothing necessary to keep them from perishing—which is breaking the hearts of many fond wives and mothers, and turning them and their little ones homeless and homeless, upon the cold charities of the world—which is causing more misery and crime, than all other evils combined—which is filling our jails with criminals, and our Poor Houses with paupers, and which if you are suffered long to continue your work, will finally sap the foundation of our country's freedom. Yes, you know all this, and yet continue the work. You see it all, and yet shut your eyes upon it, and nerve your hearts for the prosecution of the deadly work. You are not satisfied with making victims of parents, but must also entice their children within

your net, that you may doom them to destruction.

Can you wonder then, that we should feel a bitter hatred of your business? and despise you, so long as you continue it? Can you expect us to respect, and esteem such characters? Can you expect us under such circumstances to extend to you a sister's greeting, and a sister's love. No, you do not expect it—you know that you are not worthy of it. You cannot wonder then that we speak out against you—that we denounce your business, and warn your victims to flee the net which you have spread for them. That we withdraw from you our patronage, and strive to have others follow our example. All this we intend to do, with what ability we possess, so long as you persist in your present course.

At the same time, we would earnestly and affectionately beseech you to abandon your nefarious business. We implore you, for the sake of your victims—we implore you for the sake of the rising generation, who are yet unpolluted by your poisonous draught—we beseech you for the sake of your own children, and for your own safety both here, and hereafter, to stop your unholy work. Tell us not that you have a license, and certificate of good moral character to justify your deeds. "Wo, unto him who putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips," saith the scripture. What will your license avail you, against the curse of your God? Who gave you license to destroy your fellow men?—Is man greater than his maker? Shall he set the laws of the Almighty at defiance, and substitute those of his own making? Nay, your plea is vain. Your license cannot shield you from guilt. By your own acts, you must stand or fall.

An Incident.

A circumstance was related to us a short time since which clearly shows the importance of female temperance organizations, and of their taking a firm stand against the traffic in intoxicating drinks. The incident was this.

One of our physicians was called to see a woman who was supposed to be very sick. After examining his patient, he came to the conclusion that it was unnecessary for him to prescribe for her, as it was his opinion that she would recover without the aid of medicine. And what was the cause of this sudden and alarming illness? Simply this. She had partaken too freely of a legalized poison, obtained through the aid of our Board of Excise, and directly from his agent, the rum-seller. In plain words, (and we have the doctor's word for it,) the woman was drunk, *dead drunk!* This is a startling fact, and one that should call forth the sympathy of every friend of humanity.

We are well aware that there were gentlemen (!) in our village who are frequently bereft of reason, and sunk to the level of the brute by using this fatal poison, but we were not prepared for the intelligence that there were those of our own sex who had become so degraded. Yet what wonder is it? If man, strong minded man, cannot shun a practice so base, how can we expect that woman, who is called the "weaker vessel," should do so, when man sets the example and leads her on.



**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—The favor of M. E. B. is accepted with pleasure. We hope that articles from her pen may frequently grace our pages.

Many thanks to Frank for her kind letter of congratulation, and encouragement. May her wishes be realized, and she prove a true prophet.

"The LILY" is respectfully declined. It has some good points, but we think the writer would hardly like to see it in print. She would probably do better at writing prose.

W. J. C. arrived too late for insertion in this number; it shall appear in our next.

**ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.**—We would acknowledge the receipt of letters from Arad Joy, of Ovid, and George W. Heaton, of Lyons, and they will please accept our thanks for the interest they have manifested in our success. We hope to hear from them again soon.

We feel very grateful to Messrs. J. S. Seymour and I. F. Terrill, of Auburn, for the service they have rendered us.

John Johnston has by his kind and gentlemanly letter, fully justified the good opinion we had previously entertained of him.

The favor of Gerret Smith was duly received, and will be applied as suggested by him.

#### Our Selected Tale.

Finding that our limited time will not allow us to look over all the original matter we have now before us, some of it having been so recently received;—we present the readers of the first page of this number, with a *selected* tale. Its moral is a good one. Gentlemen either do not, or do not wish to know the unmeasured moral influence they exert upon female character! They look upon the tide of this portion of humanity, as it rises and falls before them; if it is pure, it is well; if it is dark and earthy, they ask who shall purify it! and turn aside, as they of earlier date, midway "between Jerusalem and Jerico."

There are times and periods we all know, when they are quite willing to assert their full measure of prerogative; and hold forth the banners of their dignity, to the monopolizing of rights and privileges of all *inferior* beings: but when a question of moral right is to be decided, we find them beating a very sure retreat to the receding ground, where they look back over their shoulders, and await the issue. Seriously, then, they consider themselves in this relation, an isolated irresponsible portion of God's creation. So judge we from the past, the present—shall we say, so may we of the future?—God forbid! You have looked upon Woman as only fulfilling her rightful mission, when forgetful of her own existence, she makes her continual ministry to their comfort and happiness; and to the wishes and well-being of them and their's! Thank heaven it is so! It is the redeeming day-star which has shone on amid all the midnight of woman's past existence,—the holier triumph of the regenerated Eve, who hurled back the apple to the tempter. But because this is so, because such is her more-illuminated destiny,—shall it be her's alone? Shall the first teachings of a mother's lips be to close

the ear and the heart of her gentle girl against the breathings of her should-be brother! or shall the confidence of that guileless one be met with the low breath of flattery, like the exhalation of an evil heart, poisoning and blackening the fresher buddings of the Life within? Again we say, *God forbid it!* Truly it is more blessed to give than to receive; but we would not be the only participants of this antipast of heaven's truest bliss.

In your association with our sex, assume a position which you believe to be right, and sustain this position; and she will honor you, even though she may oppose you. Look not upon her, as the sinless child to whom Eden first unfolded its pearly gates! She too, is "of the earth, earthy."—Neither bow before her in mock homage, as to the rapt embodiment of an Iris-hue; passing as the sun-beam that inspired it;—for she too hath within her a veiled immortality. It is for you to perceive her imperfections, and to seek gently to correct them. If she has virtues see that thou reverence them!

Scourge forth, as those who are bringing the blackness of darkness upon our beautiful land, the writers of unholy literature. Place books in the hands of your young female companions that shall exalt and hallow the intellect; breathe purity into their souls, lend still higher impulse to their thoughts and affections, nurture in them a more perfect love of God and his creation, and you will give truer wives to your hearts, truer mothers to your children, and cast forth an influence upon their wayside path, that will rest down like a wing of light upon their spirits, making them happier and better.

#### To Temperance Men.

Temperance men, awake, arouse! shake off the lethargy into which you have fallen, and buckle on your armor for a great and glorious warfare! Intemperance is fearfully on the increase, and there is much need of renewed exertion on your part to stay the maddening torrent, and call back the tide which is threatening to sweep so many of the fair and noble of God's creatures into the vortex of hopeless misery, and eternal ruin. Up then, and go forth in your strength, to battle against the enemy! You are a mighty host, and have right and truth on your sides. Do your duty then as valient soldiers, and the victor's crown will surely reward your labors. Hold meetings, procure good speakers—get up petitions, and have them well circulated, imploring and demanding of our Legislature a law for the entire prohibition of the traffic, and the infliction of a heavy penalty for violation thereof. Our petitions have heretofore been disregarded, but it will not always be so. The time is coming when our Legislature will not dare to trifle with the demands of so large a portion of the people who placed them in power. The people will be heard in this matter. The fetters with which thousands of our race are bound must be broken, and the victims loosed. Weary not, then, in the discharge of your duty, when you have so great and glorious an object in view. What though you meet with discouragements

and difficulties on every hand, many who call themselves patriots and citizens, who should be first and foremost in so good a cause, look with cold indifference upon you, and turn your labors to ridicule! Be not disheartened by it; you know that you are right, and that your motives are pure and honest. You are endeavoring to promote the peace and happiness of your fellow men—to wipe the tears of sorrow from the broken and desolate heart—to clothe and feed the naked and hungry children of poverty—to stem the torrent of vice and iniquity which is rushing over our land, and to save yourselves, and your children from the grasp of the destroyer. Surely this is a sufficient incentive to action, and the only wonder is that there are so many who will forego the privilege of aiding to accomplish so great a result. But they care only for self, and heed not the wants of others. They are deaf to the groans and sighs of the suffering, and dying, and blind to the misery and wretchedness which surrounds them on every side. It is no part of their religion to visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, or to do good to their fellow mortals. They fold their arms, and sit at ease, regardless of the many souls that are perishing around them. But their reward will be according to their deeds. Be ye not influenced by their example, or swayed from your purpose by their frowns.

We have received several very gratifying letters from individuals abroad, to whom we sent copies of our prospectus; from two of which, we have taken the liberty of making extracts.—We should be glad to give the names of the writers, but as they were not intended for publication we do not feel at liberty to do so. The first is from a warm friend to the temperance cause, and one who is willing to spend, and be spent, in doing good; we wish there were more like him. The other is a stranger to us personally, and we can only judge of him by the high moral sentiment contained in his letter.

GENEVA, 3d Nov., 1848.

I am happy to see that you are going to use your pen in the cause of Temperance, and I sincerely bid you God speed. I have been a subscriber to the American Temperance Journal of N. York, for ten copies a year, for a number of years; nine copies of which I have sent to different individuals, they not knowing from whom they came. However, you may put me down for four copies of the LILY, and if you need a little more, I may still take more. I will present the prospectus to some of my friends and endeavor to get some subscribers. Yours, Respectfully,

ROCHESTER, 1st Dec., 1848.

The power of woman to carry forward all moral reform is very great, even when exercised by individuals. But when combined to frown upon vice in any form, the ladies have the power to drive it from society.—Let every lady refuse to associate with you ig gentlemen who allow themselves to partake of the "social glass," and the practice would soon be discontinued. I hope that the LILY may be the means of stimulating the ladies to do much good in this field.

Very Resp'y Yours,



### Happy New Year.

The Lily comes laden with kindness and love, to greet its patrons with a "Happy New Year." We deem it a fortunate event that we thus commence our acquaintance with each other amid the festivities of the holidays, and we would fain hope that nothing may occur to mar the pleasurable greetings with which we set out on our journey through the year. Happy and cheerful may our meeting be, happily and cheerfully may we travel on together.

If the Lily may be the means, in the hands of Providence, of rescuing any of his creatures from the slavery of Intemperance—if it may be the means of deterring one individual from becoming a victim to the inebriating cup—if it may furnish instruction and amusement to occupy a leisure hour, and thus lighten the evils and add to the enjoyments of life, then shall we hope that our labors have not been in vain, and that 1849 may indeed be to us and our readers, a Happy New Year.

We met a short time since, with two fair boys, whose bright, intelligent looks particularly attracted our attention. They were strangers to us, but upon enquiry, we learned that they belonged to one of our rumsellers.

A feeling of sadness crept over us when we learned this fact, and while pondering over the example set them by their father, and its probable consequences, we fell into a kind of waking dream, in which those children acted a prominent part.

The boys with their bright and smiling locks vanished from our sight, and in their places appeared two full grown youths, just entering on manhood. Their countenances were an index to their characters. They told truly, that vice and intemperance had begun their work. They had become loungers about those sinks of iniquity which are around us on every hand, where the intoxicating cup is freely circulated, and where our youth take their first steps in licentiousness, vulgarity, profanity, and drunkenness. Their days were spent in idleness, their nights in gambling, rioting and debauchery.

Again the scene changed, and a picture horrid to look upon met our sight. Two criminals convicted of crime, were chained in their cells, awaiting the execution of their sentence. We inquired their history and learned that they were the youths whom we had seen start in life with such unpromising prospects. They had now become confirmed drunkards, and had fallen, oh! how low! They were loathsome to look upon. The bloated, haggard face—the wild sunken eye—the trembling limbs—the tottering steps, and the rags in which they were clad, but too plainly told that rum had done its work. One, after a long life of misery and crime was to end his days in the State prison. The other, in a fit of frenzy, had struck his wife a fatal blow, and was soon to expiate his crime upon the gallows. We shed tears over these wrecks of humanity, and turned from the picture.

This is no fancy sketch, dear reader. We see

the reality on every hand, but we pray, that in the case of these fair boys, it may never be realized.

And will it be so? Will they, from first sipping wine at their father's bar, take the first steps in the drunkard's path, and then follow therein until they shall pass through all the miseries of the drunkard's life, and finally be doomed to the drunkard's hell?

And why not? Who will pity the father if it is so? He hesitates not to blast the hopes, and rend the hearts, of other fond parents by destroying their children. He scruples not, for the sake of a few paltry dollars, to fill the glass, and present to their lips the poison which he well knows will rob them of reason, and destroy their body and soul, forever.

And shall he escape the wretchedness to which he consigns so many of his fellow men? Shall he destroy so many of his race, and he, and his, escape unharmed? "With whatsoever measure ye mete unto others, it shall be measured to you again," saith our Savior.

May God in his mercy grant that this man may see, and forsake his dreadful sins, ere it be too late. He is doing much to corrupt and destroy the youth of our village, and fearful will be the consequences if he is suffered to continue his work.

**PERPETUAL ROSES.**—A New York correspondent furnishes "The Horticulturalist" with the following:

Many cultivators of this fine new class of roses "waste its sweetness" by allowing it to carry all its blossoms in the month of June. Now to have the perpetual rose fully enjoyed, it should not be allowed to bloom at all in the rose season. Roses are so common then that it is not at all prized; while, blooming from midsummer to November, it is highly prized by all persons.

The way I pursue to grow it in perfection, is to pinch out, as soon as visible, every blossom and bud that appears at the first crop, say from the middle of May to the middle of June. This reserves all the strength of the plant for the after bloom; and accordingly I have such clusters of roses in July, August, September and October, as those who have not tried this stoppage system can have no idea of. LaReine, Madam Laffay, Comte de Paris, and the Duchess of Southerland are particularly fine varieties under this treatment. Indeed they may be recommended as among the best perpetuals.

I have adopted, with excellent results, Mr. River's recommendations, of giving the roots of well established roses a good soaking of liquid guano, after they have shed their leaves, say about the middle of October. It greatly promotes their luxuriant growth of the next season.

**SOCIETY.**—Society has its great men and its little men, as the earth has its mountains and valleys. But the inequalities of intellect, like the inequalities of the surface of our globe, bear so small proportion to the mass, that in calculating its great revolutions, they may safely be neglected. The sun illuminates the hills, while it is still below the horizon; and truth is discovered by the highest minds a little before it becomes manifest to the multitude. This is the extent of their superiority. They are the first to catch and reflect a light, which, without their assistance, must, in a short time, be visible to those who lie far beneath them.

**DEAR LILY:**—As you are about making your bow to the public, I have thought fit thus early to congratulate you, upon your success thus far, and to extend to you my warm, and heartfelt good wishes, for your continued success and prosperity. I rejoice that we are to have a journal devoted to Temperance and Literature, under the exclusive control of Ladies, and I think it reflects great credit upon our village, that we have those capable, and spirited enough, to undertake such a task as you have before you. It has long been my wish that such an organ might be established here, but there seemed to be obstacles in the way of its fulfillment, and I am highly gratified to know that your perseverance has triumphed over every difficulty, and that your little bark is about to be launched upon a smooth sea. May the calm winds of heaven fill your sails, and bear you safely upon its bosom! You may meet with rough gales on your way, and perhaps be threatened with shipwreck, but if you but steer with a steady hand, undaunted by the clouds which lower around you, with firm confidence in the righteousness of your cause, and relying upon the Almighty arm for support, you will ride safely over the troubled sea, and arrive unharmed at the desired haven. Toil on then, until you shall have accomplished your mission, and the evils with which you combat, be overcome! I feel confident that so far as our own village is concerned, you will not languish for want of support. We have many liberal minded citizens, who will take pride and pleasure, in aiding you to carry on your warfare. Our village has taken a conspicuous part in the temperance reform, and is well known abroad for its exertions and labors in behalf of that good cause. May it ever maintain its reputation in this respect, and become a prominent actor in the battle for freedom!

We have many self-sacrificing ladies among us, who have ever stood firm, and unwavering, through sunshine and storm—in prosperity, and in adversity; and now after years of toil, when many false friends have deserted us, and our cause, these same undaunted ones, are seen taking a step, and engaging in an undertaking from which many of stronger nerve might well shrink back with fear. I feel that you, the "offspring" of their conceptions, will be an efficient laborer in the great work that you have before you. Your cause is a righteous one, and your labors will be blest. May they, to whose care you have been entrusted, nurse you with tenderness, until under their fostering care, you may increase in strength, and your influence be extended far and wide, over our country's vast domain. May they speed you on your mission of love, until you shall have borne the olive branch of peace and gladness to many, now sorrowful and bleeding hearts.

Truly yours, FRANK.

**EDUCATION.**—Dr. Franklin, in speaking of education says: "If a man empties his purse in his head, no one can take it from him."

**THE CRADLE OF TEARS.**—The Chinese word for eyelid is eminently beautiful, signifying the cradle of tears.



### Pledge and Resolutions

*Of the Ladies' Temperance Society of Seneca Falls.* A meeting of the Ladies of Seneca Falls was held at the Wesleyan Chapel, on the 22d day of September, 1848, for the purpose of forming a Ladies' Temperance Society. Mrs. H. W. SEYMORE was appointed chairman, and Mrs. D. C. BLOOMER Secretary. The object of the meeting having been stated, it was Resolved, That we proceed to form a Society to be called the Ladies' Total Abstinence Benevolent Society of Seneca Falls.

A constitution was then presented and adopted, after which the following pledge and resolutions were adopted unanimously.

#### Pledge.

We whose names are subscribed hereto, do pledge ourselves to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and in every suitable way discountenance their use throughout the community, and we do further pledge ourselves not to patronise those who are engaged in the traffic, in strong drinks, and we do hereby form ourselves into a society, for promoting the above objects.

#### Resolutions.

Resolved, That as woman suffers most deeply from the evils of intemperance, so ought she to feel the deepest interest in removing the evils from the land.

Resolved, That we view with abhorrence the traffic in strong drink, and we cannot but look upon those who are engaged in the business, as among the worst enemies to society, to virtue, and to religion; and that if murder and robbery be crimes of the deepest dye, so must also be that business, which kills not only the body but the soul.

Resolved, That we can make no distinction between that man who by a slow, but sure process murders his brother, and him who kills at a single blow, and that we deem the former by far the most cruel.

Resolved, That we look with dread and disgust upon those who are engaged in spreading pauperism, crime, disease, and death over this otherwise happy land; and that while we would denounce the rum-seller, for his share in this despicable business, we believe that they who legalise, and otherwise encourage it, and they who stand with folded arms and see this dire evil laying prostrate so many of the noble of our land, without raising their voices for its suppression, are ~~more~~ guilty than the rum-seller himself; and that we regard them as enemies of the Temperance Cause, no matter what may be their professions to the contrary.

Resolved, That the friends of Temperance ought not in any form to encourage the sale of intoxicating liquors, and they ought not therefore to give their support to, or trade with those whom they have reason to suppose are engaged in that unholy business.

Resolved, That we will use our influence in all suitable ways, to discountenance the use of strong drink in the community, that we will not use it ourselves, or furnish it as an article of entertainment to our friends, and we call upon all the friends of morality and virtue, to aid us in our labors in this cause, and we do especially, earnestly invite the co-operation of our own sex, in the work of driving from our community this, the greatest foe to our peace and happiness.

When we think of death, a thousand sins, which we have trodden as worms beneath our feet, rise up against us as flaming serpents. [Abbot.]

It is better to dwell with humble livers in content, than wear a golden sorrow.

### Great & Important Chemical Discovery.

*Chemical Combination from the Vegetable Kingdom to repel Disease.*

#### Dr. GUYSOTT'S



THE most successful Medicine in the world.—

This Chemical Compound, with other Vegetable productions, is one of the most important discoveries of the age. It is far superior to any simple Sarsaparilla Syrup that has ever been used. It has performed more than 16,000 cures since the discovery was made, which is only about 12 months. The controlling power over disease which this syrup possesses may be attributed to the fact that it is composed purely of Vegetable extracts, each article in it having a direct reference to some internal organ, consequently the whole system receives its beneficial influence; and the fact that in its operations it occasions neither sickness nor pain, and can be taken at all times and under all circumstances without regard to diet or business, is certainly a desideratum in the history of medicine.— This compound extract is put up in quart bottles, and offered at the low price of One Dollar per bottle. The object being to give the patient an opportunity by the purchase of one bottle to test its valuable medicinal properties and the power it has over disease. It can be taken by the aged and the infant with equal efficacy. This Extract of Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla, is a sure, positive and permanent cure for Consumption, Scrofula or King's Evil, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Pimples on the face, Chronic, Acute and Inflammatory Rheumatism, Gout, General Debility, Dyspepsia, Nervous Headache, Liver complaint, Spinal Affections, Female Complaints, Ulcers, Syphilis in its worst form, Affections of bladder and Kidneys, Billious Colic and serious Looseness, Biles, Costiveness, Colds, Coughs, Corrupt humors, Asthma, Dropsy, enlargement of the Bones, Fever and Ague, Giddiness, Gravel, Headaches of every kind, inward Fevers, impure Blood, Jaundice, Loss of Appetite, Leprosy, Mercurial Diseases, Night Sweats, Nervous Debility, Nervous complaints of all kinds, Neuralgia, Palpitation of the heart, Painters Cholic, Piles, rush of Blood to the head, Pains in the Head, Side, Chest, Back, Limbs, Joints and Organs, Scurvy, Swellings, Exposure and Imprudence of Life. This newly discovered Chemical Compound cleanses the blood and invigorates the body more effectually than any article that has ever been sold. In the Vegetable Kingdom an All Wise Being, has deposited such plants and herbs as are congenial to our constitutions, and adapted to cure all curable diseases to which human nature is incident. And this compound Syrup is composed of all those valuable plants some of which have lately been discovered and used, and found to be the certain specifics in thousands of diseases that before defied the best of medical skill.

#### OPINIONS OF PHYSICIANS.

This is to certify that we the undersigned Physicians of the City of New York, have in many cases prescribed Dr. Guysott's Extract of Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla, and are fully assured that it has no equal among the various syrups and sarsaparilla preparations that have ever been sold. J. F. Stebbing, F. R. Thomas, P. S. Maynard, J. E. Morgan, S. T. Wells.

#### READ THE TESTIMONY.

Opinion of a physician regarding the combination of Yellow Dock with Sarsaparilla.

Montgomery, June 8, 1847.

Mr. Bennett—Dear Sir: In this age of patent medicine excitement, it affords me great pleasure to see among the innumerable sarsaparilla preparations, one compound that is likely to stand the test of time. Your syrup combining as it does the two best roots now known, will assuredly meet

with universal approbation. For the last year I have been in the habit of using, more or less, low Dock root in syrup and ointment preparations in my practice, and have no hesitation in saying that it is the most valuable root now known. I have been prescribing your extract since I first saw it, and it is equal to my expectation. Very respectfully yours

H. T. R. Smith, M. D.

*Dyspepsia, General Debility &c.*

Watertown, Jefferson Co., Nov. 4, 1847.

Mr. S. F. Bennett:—Dear sir—I am at loss to express in words what has been said in praise of your Compound Extract of Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla; all who have had the pleasure of using it speak of its marvelous effects in removing diseases, with so much feeling and heartfelt satisfaction, that I am confident now that no medicine in use can boast of its superior qualities. Many who have been complaining for years with pain in the side burning and pain in the chest, night sweats, salt rheum, scrofula, in fact all the diseases that we in this climate are heir to, find in the Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla, all that is requisite to make them what they were in the days of health, &c. We have had twelve dozen bottles in three months and find we are nearly-out. Please send an equal amount.

Oblige yours,

HOYT & GREGORY

*Caution Extraordinary.*

There are counterfeit medicines afloat; therefore the reader is particularly cautioned not to allow himself to be imposed upon.

Beware how you buy medicine put up in square qt. bottles. Be very sure and ask for Dr. Guysott's Compound Extract of Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla bearing the written signature of S. F. Bennett, on each outside wrapper, written with black ink; and do not on any account, be induced to buy any other article—as it is this preparation only that is performing such wonderful cures.— Take no man's word, as persons having the counterfeit medicine and not the genuine, are of course desirous of making their profit—consequently you are liable to buy worthless trash, unless you examine for yourselves.

Remember Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla.

Prepared at S. F. Bennett's Laboratory, Little Falls, Herkimer county, N. Y., and for sale by W. C. MATTISON & Co., Seneca Falls.

None genuine unless put up in large square bottles containing a quart with the name of the syrup blown in the glass, with the written signature of S. F. Bennett on each outside wrapper.

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